

MURDERER AT BAY SHOOT DETECTIVE IN DUEL ON STAIRS

Nicola Bonanno, Who Assassinated a Barber Named Caeti, Wounds Lieut. Rocco Cavone When Cornered in a Boarding-house.

Lieut. Rocco Cavone, one of the most trusted men in the New York police force, was shot three times to-day by a murderer whom he traced to the New Jersey town of Kingsland and trapped in a boarding-house.

After bombarding the plucky detective from the head of a flight of stairs, the fugitive had a running duel with Cavone's two side partners, and at the end, seeing capture was inevitable, he put a couple of bullets in his own head.

Cavone, thanks to luck and glancing lead, will get well. The man who shot him, Nicola Bonanno by name, is dying of his self-inflicted wounds in the Hackensack Hospital.

Bonanno Suspected. On Christmas Day Marina Caeti, a barber, was assassinated in his shop at No. 15 East Twenty-fifth street. A short, dark man knocked at his door. As the barber opened to see what might be wanted he took two bullets through the chest and fell dying. The stranger vanished.

It had only been a few weeks since Caeti married a New Jersey girl. It was known that he had a rival for the girl's affections—one Nicola Bonanno, thirty years old, from his own province. The description which two bystanders caught of the doorway assassin corresponded very closely with the general description of Bonanno. Moreover, the Bonanno's twelve-year-old son had been seen in the vicinity just before the killing, apparently watching for some one or something.

To work on the case "Joe" Petrosini assigned three of the most trustworthy men in the Italian detective bureau. They were John Botti and Dan Devote—men who have untangled scores of Black Hand outrages and Little Italy crime mysteries.

After two days of work the trio last night located their man. Bonanno was living at Kingsland, two miles from Rutherford, N. J. He was a colony of laborers employed by the Lackawanna road. He ran a three-story frame building on Pennsylvania avenue as a combination saloon and boarding-house.

From 6 o'clock this morning until after 9 the three men guarded the house, waiting for the suspect to appear. Finally they decided to take a chance on an ambush and invade the place, although they knew it to be full of partisans of Bonanno.

Botti went to cover the back of the house. Cavone and Devote walked in the front door and started up the narrow stairs. They knew from certain things they had heard that Bonanno was near the top of the house. They hoped to take him by surprise.

Opens the Pistol Fight. But their man must have been watching them all the time. They had passed the first floor and were going slowly up the second flight of steps when a door at the landing above opened an inch or two and through the crack a revolver spat three times in their faces.

Cavone took all three bullets. One caught him in the left shoulder, making a flesh wound. Another shattered his right wrist and the third, striking him in the middle of the skull, glanced and tore a deep gash in his scalp.

He dropped back into Devote's arms, helpless and stunned. Devote, dragged him out in his arms, to find the whole place buzzing with friends of the proprietor, all armed, all rejoicing openly that a detective had been shot and all seemingly ready to finish the job.

Devote stood over the groaning and bleeding Cavone with his gun out. "If I leave you here these fellows will kill you," he said to Cavone. "Never mind me," begged Cavone; "I've got the fellow that plugged me."

But Devote would not abandon his comrade. He was half carrying Cavone to the railroad station, two blocks away, when the sound of a second fusillade broke out behind them, and dropping Cavone where he was, Devote ran back to the boarding-house.

Leaps from Window. Bonanno had fled to the garret and jumped out of a side window to the ground, thirty-five feet below. Botti saw him drop and was after him in a moment, shouting as he followed the fugitive.

The hotel keeper had a gun in each hand. He emptied one over his shoulder at Botti and then, as Devote came around the house, he fired scores of open space and down the railroad tracks.

MAMMAL LAY IN WAIT FOR PAIR BENT ON ELOPING APACHE, 6 TO 1, WINS AGAIN AT NEW ORLEANS

Caresses Schaeffer Dreamed Of Turn Into Blows Both Cruel and Many. Good Two-Year-Old Beats Dew of Dawn and Severus.

HE'S A SIGHT IN COURT TRACK IN GOOD SHAPE When Friend Gets Through He Takes Him to Papa for Finishing Touches. Heavy Rains Through the Night Left No Impression on Course.

Few men ever get more excited out of an elopement than came to John Schaeffer, of No. 159 Jackson avenue, Brooklyn, who was assisted into the Myrtle avenue court to-day and propped in a comfortable corner, where he bore somewhat the semblance of a mummy just removed from its crate.

Nor has the full sum of what is due the formerly dashing young man been completed, as his wife remarked to him in court, where she had brought her time and money.

There was no melting sympathy in her large brown eyes when Mrs. Lora Dowbell, of No. 175 Fort Green place, told how John had attempted to elope with her daughter, Hortense, and how vigorously the Dowbells and their friends had intervened.

Hortense Dowbell is seventeen and what the modern novelists describe as a pliant beauty. She is fond of novels of burning romance, and when she first met John Schaeffer she believed her time and money would be well spent to tell the daisy little girl anything about his wife and family, her little heart quivered with delight at his soft flattery and blandishments.

His Wife Appears. Mamma Dowbell thought Schaeffer an eligible lover and believed his statements about himself; then he dressed like a dandy, she was dumfounded. She called upon her and revealed the fact that John was not exactly eligible, as he had a wife and two babies to support. The mother dashed up to Hortense's room.

But the dove had flown, with all her little trinkets and bits of the raiment. The child had neglected, fortunately, to tell her mother the important letter which Schaeffer had written to her, written to "My Darling Little Littercup," and said that if she loved him she would meet him at the corner of De Kalb avenue and Cumberland street at 5 o'clock, bringing with her whatever duds she cared for.

Mrs. Dowbell didn't have much time to spare, and her husband had not come home from his office. However, her husband's big athletic friend, Edward Anderson, and telephoned to him. He promised to meet her before 5 at the elopement rendezvous. They hid themselves in a doorway and waited.

Presently Hortense came along carrying a bundle and a little satchel. She was dressed in a new excitement, and danced timidly about. She waited only a few moments before Schaeffer swung down the street with his usual manly confidence.

Threatened to Kill. He was about to salute Hortense with a kiss when Mrs. Dowbell sprang from the doorway and seized her daughter, at the same time swinging a heavy umbrella over John's head.

Instantly he snatched with rage, and cried: "You will not come between us. I will kill you first," and he whipped out a revolver from his coat pocket. It was then that Edward Anderson came to the front. He was only a yard or so behind Mrs. Dowbell, and his long muscular arms were raised in a gesture of defiance.

Then he gathered the young man in his embrace, and then, now and then stooping to land a blow on a spot he couldn't reach with his fist.

Gives Father a Chance. Schaeffer was in a fainting condition when Anderson finally gathered him up and walked off with him. The Dowbell home, saying now and then for the comfort of his prisoner.

Mr. Dowbell was waiting. He had got a message. He dragged Mr. Schaeffer up one flight of stairs and threw him down, just as a preliminary. Then he and Anderson passed him back and forth to each other, playing the very diabolical game of strip-tease, and his clothing pieces by piece. Becoming exhausted at last, they booted him out into the street.

He was sinking away when a policeman grabbed him. The policeman heard how he had deceived the romantic child, he could not restrain himself from taking a crack or two at the married couple on the way to the police station. So he was a sorry sight when they arraigned him.

The Magistrate looked him over once and decided to postpone the examination.

FITZGERALD RESIGNS AS B. & O. MANAGER. BALTIMORE, Dec. 28.—Thomas Fitzgerald, general manager of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, has resigned his position to take effect Jan. 1.

At the headquarters of the Baltimore and Ohio road here where Mr. Fitzgerald's resignation was announced, it was stated that the resignation was given to the president of the road, Mr. George L. Potter, third vice-president, and the head of the operating department.

No successor to Mr. Fitzgerald will be named until the resignation of the two deputy managers, Mr. C. J. W. and Mr. C. J. W., is announced.

TWO IDENTIFY SLAIN WOMAN IN RED AS AGNES O'KEEFE OR ANNIE NEVINS

ROOSEVELT SENDS ULTIMATUM ON THE GOLDFIELD TROOPS

Governor of Nevada Given Five Days to Summon Legislature for Action on Mining Troubles, and, Failing, Men Will Be Withdrawn.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—President Roosevelt to-day telegraphed Gov. Sparks, of Nevada, that if the Governor, within five days, will issue a call for a special session of the Legislature he will continue the troops at Goldfield during a period of three weeks.

If within five days the call has not been issued the troops will be withdrawn.

The War Department is particularly desirous of being relieved from the charge that it is maintaining the troops there in defiance of the constitutional provision that they should be regularly called for by the Legislature.

It is true that the Governor of a State has the right to make such a call when the Legislature is not in session, but only when he cannot convene that body which is not the case at present.

Roosevelt Decides. The telegram sent by President Roosevelt to Gov. Sparks read: "White House, Washington, Dec. 28, 1907."

To Hon. John Sparks, Governor, Carson City, Nev.: "Your telegram of Dec. 26 is received. It is in effect a declaration that you have failed to call the Legislature together because in your judgment the Legislature would not call upon the Government of the United States for the use of troops, although in your opinion it ought to do so. The Constitution of the United States imposes not upon you, but upon the Legislature, if it can be convened, the duty of calling upon the Government of the United States to protect the State of Nevada against domestic violence."

"You now request me to use the armed forces of the United States in violation of the Constitution, because in your judgment the Legislature would fail to perform its duty under the Constitution. The State government certainly does not appear to have made any serious effort to do its duty by the effective enforcement of its police functions. I repeat again what I have already said to you several times, that under the conditions now existing in the State of Nevada, as made known to me, an application from the Legislature of the State is an essential condition to the indefinite continuance of the troops at Goldfield. Circumstances may change, and if they do I will take whatever action the needs of the situation require so far as my constitutional powers permit."

"But the first need is that the State authorities should do their duty, and the first step toward this is the assembling of the Legislature. It is apparent from your telegram that the Legislature of Nevada can readily be convened. You have fixed the period of three weeks as the time necessary to convene and organize a special session. If within five days from the receipt of this telegram you shall have issued the necessary order to convene the Legislature of Nevada, I shall continue the station of troops at Goldfield during such period of three weeks. If, within the term of five days such notice has not been issued, the troops will be immediately returned to their former stations. (Signed)

THEODORE ROOSEVELT. State of War, He Says. The telegram to the President was in response to one from the Governor, in which he sets forth the need of armed intervention and expresses the doubt that to call the Legislature would result in the necessary request from the body for aid. The correspondence, which was made public at the White House, follows:

Carson, Nev., Dec. 26, 1907. "To the President, Washington: "The Chief Magistrate of the State of Nevada, I have been of the opinion for the past year that a condition bordering on domestic violence and insurrection has existed in the Goldfield mining district. There has been an almost constant state of war between the miners' union and the mine owners, who employ the members of the union. During the year 1907 practically one-fourth of the time was occupied in actual strikes and several months in agitation about other strikes."

"Without considering the merit of any

Orange Detective and Mrs. Wright, Employment Agent at Montclair, Positive Swamp Murder Victim Is Missing Housekeeper.

CAME TO NEWARK CHRISTMAS EVE TO KEEP TRYST WITH MAN Rode in Department Store Elevator an Hour and a Half and Was Seen, Still Seeking Him, in Chinese Restaurant

The victim of the Hackensack Meadow murder mystery of Christmas night was positively identified this afternoon by Detective-Sergt. Drabell, of Orange, as Agnes O'Keefe, who said she was employed by several families in the Oranges as a maid. This identification does not nullify that of Mrs. Margaret Wright, who said earlier in the day that the dead woman was Mrs. Annie Nevins, of Brooklyn.

Drabell says it is not unlikely that Agnes O'Keefe should take the name of Nevins in making application for a position as a servant. She was at one time employed in the household of Thomas Nevins, a millionaire contractor of Orange, who died some two years ago, and whose wife recently died in Ireland. The best friend Agnes O'Keefe had was Miss Annie Nevins, a niece of the dead millionaire.

The first identification was made by Mrs. Wright in the morning. Mrs. Wright, an employment agent at No. 47 Bloomfield avenue, Montclair, said she had had an engagement with a man at the elevator in Bamber's store at 9 o'clock.

"No one had been making inquiries and I told her so. Then she asked me if I would let her remain in the elevator. She rode up and down until 9:30. 'All right,' she said, 'I am waiting. She said the man had failed to keep engagements with her before when she had come to Newark to see him. Finally, she said that she did not believe she would show up and announced her intention of going out to hunt for him. She said that she might find him at a Chinese restaurant and asked me to direct her to one."

"I told her there was a Chinese restaurant at Market and Mulberry streets. After I got through my work I went to that same restaurant with a friend to get some chop suey. The woman was there and asked to see me. We sat down there and she told me she was a stranger in Newark and I gathered from her conversation that the man she lived there. She did not say where she was from."

Planesman says that when he saw the woman she wore a gold locket and chain and a gold watch. Neither the locket nor the watch has been found.

A cheap pearl pin, fashioned in the shape of a heart and bearing the letter "S," worked in gold wire, was found to-day in the mud on the bank of the Passaic River, half a mile from where the body was found. It was taken to Walsh's Morgue and placed with the other exhibits in the case of the murdered woman.

Seek Man Who Bought Mattress. Acting on information given by an Evening World reporter, Chief of Police Rogers to-day summoned to his office Henry Williams, a clerk in Hahne & Co.'s department store, on Broad street, Newark, at whose store a mattress and pillow were bought two weeks ago by a man who represented himself as Arthur Thompson, one of the men now under arrest in connection with the crime.

This man ordered the articles delivered at Thompson's boat, the Idle Hour, a few yards from the pool where the woman's body was found. Williams describes the man who ordered the mattress as differing materially from Thompson. His description of his customer tallies in almost every detail with that furnished by Cooper, the watchman at the Marine Iron Works, who saw a man and woman pass toward the "long black" swamp a short time before the murder is supposed to have been committed.

Williams told an Evening World reporter the man who bought the mattress came into Hahne's about two weeks ago. He was a short, stocky built man with a dark mustache and clean-shaven chin. Thompson, whose name this customer gave, is a little chap with a pale straw-colored growth on his upper lip.

Was There Third Man? The dry goods clerk is sure the man